A TOKEN

OF AFFECTIONATE REGARD,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

LATE

FELLOW OF LINCOLN-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Who Died March 2*d*, 1791.

IN THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

BY JAMES KENTON.

" Well done thou good and faithful Servant; enter thou into " the Joy of thy LORD."

MATT. xxv. 21.

LONDON:

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[*Entered at Stationer's Hall.*]

1791.

TO

EUSEBIO.

DEAR SIR

I BEG Leave to addreſs the following Lines to you.

I ſincerely avow, I had no deſign, no intention, to let even the moſt faint idea of my mind, the ſmalleſt line of my writing appear in public on this ſolemn occaſion; but you, whoſe deſire is to me almoſt a command; you, to whom I cannot deny any requeſt that I can with propriety grant, have joined your ſolicitations, with a great number of my kind friends (many of whom think my poor performances have much greater merit than they can poſſibly claim) urge me to a taſk, for which I feel myſelf very inadequate: but I MUST *comply.—Yet you will permit me, through this addreſs to you, to ſend it out to public view,*

With all its imperfections on it's head:—*as a grateful, and affectionate Token of reſpect; ſacred to the memory of ſo great, ſo gracious a Man; ſuch a burning, and ſhining light, in the Chriſtian Church.*

A long (upwards of fifty years) acquaintance with, a ſincere affection for, and a real, and an

honeſt

honeſt attention to the advices of our late venerable Friend, enables me to give ſome genuine traits of his character, abilities, labours, &c. And although the verſes themſelves are devoid of claſſical elegance; flowers of oratory; rhetorical poliſh; ſhall I add alſo of vile panegeric; yet they are embelliſhed, with what is of far greater value, namely, ſtrict genuine truth.

Permit me to add, his fatherly tenderneſs to, and diſintereſted friendſhip with me, are indelibly engraven on my heart: May his judicious advices, wiſe inſtructions, ſolemn admonitions, and bright example, my dear EUSEBIO, ever live, and be exemplified in our *hearts, lives, and converſations; till* we *are called to meet in thoſe bliſsful regions of light, love, and immortality; where with him, and the innumerable company of his ſpiritual children, the fruits of his miniſtry gone before, we join the general aſſembly, and church of the firſt born, whoſe names are written in Heaven; where we ſhall ſee,* JESUS *as he is, and,*

" ——————— *day without night,*"
" *Circle his throne rejoicing* ——— :"

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your Faithful,

And Affectionate Friend,

JAMES KENTON.

London, April 1, 1791.

A TOKEN,

A

TOKEN, &c.

FAREWEL, JEHOVAH's Meſſenger, farewel!
Faithful Ambaſſador of GOD moſt high,
Thy noble, vaſt Atchievements who can tell;
Or who thy Place, thy Miſſion who ſupply.

Who will, who *can* the Character ſuſtain,
That Thou for well-nigh Ninety Years haſt borne
Bold in the SAVIOUR's glorious Cauſe, t'explain
Th' important Truth, That Man to GOD might turn.

He, who propitious to our Land appears,
The gracious GOD, and Father of Mankind;
His Work reviving in the mid'ſt of Years,
Thee his peculiar Inſtrument deſign'd.

Thy precious Life in danger imminent,
Snatch'd as by Miracle from raging Flame;
Miniſt'ring Angels by JEHOVAH ſent,
On the bleſt Errand, to thy Reſcue came.

Thine early Days of Piety and Grace,
Preſag'd thy future uſefulneſs for GOD;
Friend univerſal of the human Race,
For which thy Time, thy Talents were employ'd.

Hail favour'd Nurſery of Literature *
By SUTTON's great Benevolence deſign'd,
For Youth and Age each bleſſing to procure,
To cultivate and humanize the Mind.

Fam'd Houſe of Mercy, honourable Pile,
Houſe that *HE* did, and *I* ſhall ever love!
Where Youth in all its Innocence may ſmile,
And Age its numerous Benefits may prove.

'Twas *here* his Youth drank in the Claſſic Lore,
Here Learning, to his Mind familiar grew;
Yet Truths Divine he labour'd to explore,
Determin'd them unwearied to purſue.

With Eruidition, Knowledge, Senſe replete,
OXFORD received him to her ancient Dome;
Plac'd him in *Lincoln*'s venerable Seat,
Th' Inſtructor wiſe of Ages yet to come.

Here his attentive, zealous, tender Care,
Rais'd various Lights in this benighted Land;
HERVEY to This did Teſtimony bear,
And WHITEFIELD own'd his kindly foſtering hand.

The Knowledge of Ourſelves (by Nature blind)
The conſcious Knowledge of a pard'ning GOD,
Repentance, Faith, and Holineſs to find,
And Heaven, the purchaſe of a SAVIOUR'S blood:

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* The Chartercuſe; uſually called The Charter-Houſe, where he firſt received his Education; and for which he always expreſſed a very affectionate Regard.

Pardon

Pardon, and Grace, and Glory to attain,
By the bleſs'd Spirits' influential aid;
This bleſſedneſs in earlieſt Youth to gain,
His chief Purſuit, his conſtant Care he made.

By Faith th' Inviſible to Man made known,
O what an Antepaſt of future Bliſs!
To know that JESUS takes us for his own;
O what an earneſt of our Heaven is this!

Happy Experience; Grace unſpeakable!
Grace, worthy only of a GOD to give,
A Grace that gives a ſenſe of Sin to feel,
Then makes us meet with Saints in Heav'n to live.

This conſcious Senſe, this Happineſs to prove,
Whate'er was valu'd, lov'd, or dear he gave,
In foreign Climes in ſearch of Truth to rove;
And boldly dar'd to paſs th' Atlantic Wave.

GEORGIA ſhall witneſs to his Labours bear;
His ardent Love, his animated Zeal,
His unremitting Diligence and Care,
That All the SAVIOUR's Grace might know and feel.

In HERNHUTH's favour'd ſpot, where happy Saints,
By conſcious Faith the SAVIOUR know and love,
His gracious Tears he pour'd, his pious Plaints,
And long'd *their* Grace, *their* Happineſs to prove.

Return'd again to bleſs his native Land,
Kindling once more the pure primeval Flame,
He, with a choſen apoſtolic Band,
T'evangelize theſe favour'd Iſlands came.

I ſaw thy wond'rous harbinger appear,
WHITEFIELD a lov'd, a long remember'd Name,
He thy approach announc'd:—and Thou waſt near,
JESUS, the Friend of Sinners to proclaim.

WHITEFIELD, who mounted like the morning Star,
To ſhed benigneſt influence from it's Ray;
To ſound the *Goſpel* Trump, *Thy* way prepare;
And uſher in a glorious *Goſpel* Day.

Him *I* beheld, with energetic Zeal,
As a reſiſtleſs Torrent pour along;
To countleſs Numbers joyful Tidings tell,
"And Truths divine came mended from his
"Tongue."

As the clear Sunſhine after rapid Showers,
Breaks forth to chear, and make all Nature ſmile,
Thou cam'ſt with ſtrong, yet ſweet perſuaſive
Powers,
And reap'd the Harveſt of his lab'ring Toil.

What Numbers liſt'ned to the welcome Cry,
When Thou as Heav'n's high-favour'd Herald
ſtood;
"Ho, every one that thirſts to GOD draw nigh*,"
And find Redemption in a SAVIOUR's Blood.

Th' aſtoniſh'd Crowd drank in the joyful ſound,
Their wounded Spirits for Redemption ſought,
Pardon, and Peace, in JESU's Name they found;
And thankfully receiv'd the Grace unbought.

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* His firſt Sermon in Moorfields was from Iſaiah c. lv. v. 1.

The

The Word, as Fire among the Stubble, ran;
Of Stones, to *Abraham*, were Children rais'd;
While wond'ring Multitudes admir'd the Man,
Adoring Multitudes JEHOVAH prais'd.

The Spirit thus did keen Conviction dart,
His Light into the Sinner's Darkneſs ſhone,
The powerful Word o'ercame the Marble Heart;
Melting to gracious Tears the Rock of Stone.

Thus by Repentance was the Heart prepar'd,
And Faith divine, the Gift of GOD, was given;
When, lo, in JESU's Countenance appear'd,
A GOD propitious, and an op'ning Heaven.

The inward Kingdom of the SAVIOUR's Grace,
Peace, Righteouſneſs, and Hope, and Joy, and Love;
Diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Face,
His Miſſion inconteſtibly to prove.

O what a gracious influence was ſhed,
Spirit of Faith, and Unity, and Love,
Deſcending from our high-exalted Head;
JESUS, who ſits at GOD's Right-hand above.

'Twas thus the quick'ning Word was glorified,
Wide ſpreading round to make Salvation known;
Mercy, and Grace appear'd on every ſide,
And JESUS deign'd his Meſſenger to own.

And, lo, *I* ſaw the beauteous Fabric riſe,
Of living Stones inſcrib'd with JESU's Name,
To join the Church above yon radiant Skies,
The Temple of the NEW JERUSALEM.

Made

Made wiſe the ſacred Oracles t' explain,
Man's Ruin, and Recovery he taught;
Explor'd th' extent of the redeeming Plan,
And joyful News of free Salvation brought.

Theſe precious Truths he labour'd to proclaim,
Free, full Redemption in a SAVIOUR's Blood;
And cry'd to All, Behold, Behold the Lamb,
Return, and now be reconcil'd to GOD.

Satan with all his Engin'ry aſſail'd,
Calumny falſe, and black-mouth'd Slander foul;
Yet Malice dire, and Perſecution fail'd,
To damp the noble Ardor of his Soul.

Oppos'd by theſe his perſeverance great,
To ill, or well-meant Zeal ſuperior roſe;
Repelling all the Malice, Scorn, and Hate,
Of known or ſecret baſe invidious Foes.

Repuls'd, expell'd the Houſes of the LORD,
The Temples dedicated to his Name;
As Filth, and Off-ſcouring caſt out, abhorr'd,
He bore Reproach, Indignity, and Shame.

Damp'd *this* His Labours for his Maſter's Cauſe!
Nay: *thus* thruſt out, his Way he ſtill went on,
In Fields, Highways, and Hedges, found he was,
JESUS, the Friend of Sinners to make known.

Firmly for This his fearleſs Face was ſet;
Harden'd as Adamant, his ſteady Brow
Undaunted, every Perſecution met,
And roſe ſuperior to his every Foe.

Expos'd

Expos'd to brutal Inſolence, and Rage,
Seiz'd by the violent Hands of Ruffians rude,
The lawleſs Rabble riotous engage,
Threaten his Life, and vow to drink his Blood.

When fierce Contention ſore Diviſions made,
Cauſing his dear-lov'd Friends and him to part;
By ſome forſaken, and by ſome betrayed,
What keen Senſations pierc'd his generous Heart.

A Brother, never parted from his Side,
Cloſe clave to him, unalienable Friend;
Reſolv'd with him in JESU'S Cauſe t' abide,
Reſolv'd with him his lateſt Breath to ſpend.

How did he glory in Contempt and loſs,
By the great Vulgar, and the ſmall deſpis'd;
Exult to bear his Maſter's hallow'd Croſs;
The ſacred Croſs by him ſo highly priz'd.

Each threatning Storm he more than dar'd to meet,
Thro' Perils, Dangers, Deaths, his Way purſu'd;
While with the Love of GOD and Man replete,
Firm as a Rock impregnable he ſtood.

For GOD upheld with his Almighty Hand,
The Man ſo highly favour'd, greatly lov'd;
And who againſt Omnipotence can ſtand,
Or who that truſts in GOD can be remov'd?

O how ſhall I his Character diſplay!
His various Toils and Labours how recount!
Sure it requires an everlaſting Day;
The power of Numbers fails to tell the Amount.

O what

O what a Stream of GOD-like Eloquence,
Flow'd from his Lips, and grac'd his ſacred Tongue!
Replete with pureſt Diction, manly Senſe,
Pouring Inſtruction on th' attentive Throng.

Who can deſcribe th' Œconomy of Grace,
Or comprehend JEHOVAH's grand Deſign,
Who gave, t' advance his Work in ev'ry Place,
The Seals that prov'd his Miniſtry divine.

With a divine Philanthropy impreſt,
To ſave the Slaves of Folly, Vice, and Sin;
By every Method Love could well ſuggeſt,
He *thus* compell'd the Out-caſts to come in.

As a good Soldier Hardſhips to endure,
By every Grace, by Truth and Love unfeign'd;
Thus arm'd with Righteouſneſs and Knowledge pure.
Contempt, Reproach, and Suffering he ſuſtain'd.

Lab'ring to perfect what his Zeal began,
T' inculcate Holineſs his conſtant Care;
As a Wiſe Maſter-builder forms the Plan,
And ſees the Superſtructure riſe up fair.

Trampling on Honour, Pleaſure, Wealth, and Fame,
Thro' what a length of uſeful Days he ran;
One univerſal Character the ſame,
The Faithful, Gracious, Self-conſiſtent Man.

Splendor, and Pomp how little did he prize:
By him how valu'd lov'd the Poor, the Low;
How did he with each Sufferer ſympathize,
A conſtant ſharer of their ev'ry Woe.

How

How kindly did he bleſs th' expecting Eye!
The Ear to him a conſtant Witneſs bore;
What Wants did not his liberal Hand ſupply;
Friend to the Needy, Father to the Poor.

O who ſhall now that generous Labour take,
(Labour for JESU's faithful Servants meet;)
Thoſe, who like him, for their lov'd Maſter's ſake,
Would deign to waſh his dear Diſciples Feet.

Each moral Virtue, every Chriſtian Grace,
His venerable Character combine;
In him the all-accompliſh'd Man we trace;
In him the Scholar, and the Chriſtian ſhine.

Devotion pure, with Piety unfeign'd,
By ſteady perſeverance led him on;
Nor fainting 'till the precious Prize he gain'd,
Nor reſting 'till Eternal Life was won.

But Time would fail, his Labours to relate,
His Virtues, Talents, Graces to diſplay;
Trembling, my Pen I drop, and humbly wait,
To hear their Plaudit at the laſt great Day.

More to attempt, preſumptuous Hand, forbear,
No more proceed, no more the Theme purſue;
Conceal my Muſe the inexpreſſive Tear,
As o'er the Face a Veil the Artiſt drew.

His Virtue gave him Majeſty in Death:—
His happy Spirit ready-wing'd for flight;
"I'll praiſe;—I'll praiſe;"—employ'd his lateſt Breath,
Then ſoar'd away to Realms of endleſs Light.

Saſe

Safe wafted by the bright celeſtial Quire,
To fill a Throne in yon thrice-bleſs'd Abode,
Where countleſs Hoſts his Labours ſhall admire
And hail the faithful Servant of their GOD.

Go noble Veteran, happy, happy Soul;
Well haſt thou run, and ended well thy Race;
Now long as everlaſting Ages roll,
Thou ſhalt behold thy SAVIOUR, Face to Face.

O what a Cloud of faithful Witneſſes,
Array'd in ſpotleſs white thy coming wait,
With rapture Thee to greet, thy Name to bleſs,
And hail thine entrance at the Heav'nly Gate.

The pearly Gates inſtinct with living Powers,
Lift up their Heads, diſcloſe the wond'rous Scene;
Wide open thrown, the everlaſting Doors,
Receive th' immortal Heir of Glory in.

Thy Sire, thy Brothers, Friends, a countleſs Train,
Hailing thine ent'rance to that bleſt Abode;
With ſhouts triumphant thro' the etherial Plain,
Attend the nobleſt Servant of their GOD.

O what a dazzling Conſtellation bright,
In the Right-hand of JESUS now appears;
Thou, and thy Fellow-Lab'rers rob'd in Light,
Remov'd for ever from the Vale of Tears.

In ſable Weeds, in Robes of Mourning clad,
What Numbers Weep, and pour their plaintive Sighs;
Reſpectful Tokens! O that All may add,
Beſt Proof of Love, to follow ſuch Advice.

Hold

Hold on your Way my faithful Brethren dear,
Ye you have known that JESUS died for you;
Caſt off your Doubts, ſurmount your every Fear,
Take courage, and your Way to Heaven purſue.

And ye who Labour in the bleſſed Strife,
Honour'd of GOD his Meſſage to declare,
Go on, and proſper, 'till you finiſh Life,
And riſe victorious Heaven with him to ſhare.

Altho' our Friend, our Father is remov'd,
By ISRAEL's flaming Chariots borne away,
To the embraces of his beſt belov'd,
Soon may we meet him in eternal Day.

Soon may our Warfare, and our Mourning end,
Our Trials, Sufferings, Sorrow, Grief, and Pain;
And we with Joy upon our Heads aſcend,
Where JESUS, and eternal Sunſhine reign.

FINIS.

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